

CONGRATULATING MASSACHUSETTS GENERAL HOSPITAL

• Mr. KERRY. Mr. President, today I can finally congratulate everyone at Massachusetts General Hospital, MGH, on a special and well-deserved distinction long in the making: MGH has been named America's Best Hospital by U.S. News & World Report.

I say "finally" because I have been patiently keeping my promise not to publicly share the news now these last 6 days since Dr. Slavin called me to pass along the great news in advance. Now he has confirmation that in a Washington, DC, full of leaks, there is at least one U.S. Senator who still knows how to keep a secret.

Today's public announcement confirms what all of us in Massachusetts have always known—that if you need to find first-rate care for a loved one with a serious and complicated condition, then you go to the Massachusetts General Hospital. It comes as no surprise to us that this revered Massachusetts institution would hold the honor of best hospital in the Nation.

Today's announcement is one two centuries in the making. It started with the dream of Rev. John Bartlett, who in 1810 wanted to establish a state-of-the-art medical facility for the physically and mentally ill which would train the Nation's finest doctors. That dream was carried by Drs. James Jackson and John Collins Warren, who advocated in the Massachusetts Legislature for a charter and collected donations as small as 25 cents and as large as \$20,000 to make the dream a reality. Finally, in 1821, the institution currently known as Mass General opened its doors to patients and became the first teaching hospital of Harvard Medical School.

Since then, MGH has been providing cutting-edge care to patients from all over the world. It was the home to many firsts: the first public demonstration of surgical anesthesia, the identification of appendicitis, the establishment of the first medical social service, and the first replantation of a severed arm by a surgical team.

But more than firsts, Mass General has provided a place of hope for all those who needed help. It is the employees of MGH who have made this possible from generation to generation. I have seen on my visits to the hospital that it is the people—the nurses, doctors, orderlies, administrators, security guards, and medical students—who make MGH the Nation's best.

I know firsthand of MGH's exceptional work particularly well from two people whose insights mean the world to me: my wife Teresa, who has been a patient at MGH as she was treated for breast cancer, and through my daughter Vanessa, who has made MGH her home as a doctor. Both have shared story after story not just about first-rate care but about deeply caring doctors and nurses and skilled professionals who always put patients first. That is the heart of MGH, and it is no

secret that without team members who are constantly looking for the next breakthrough in medicine and a better way to care for patients, tomorrow's innovations would not be possible.

It is even more of a testament to the power of MGH's work that they have become the Nation's best hospital in a State with near universal health coverage. We now have the best health care coverage rate in the Nation with 98.1 percent of residents having health insurance, including 99.8 percent of all children.

We must continue to raise the bar as we implement the Affordable Care Act and provide this guarantee of coverage nationwide. MGH should serve as a model to all hospitals across the country that you can provide universal coverage while still providing the highest quality care to your patients. I know MGH will remain at the top of this list for years to come because they have proven that covering more patients and providing quality outcomes are not mutually exclusive goals.

There is much celebrating to be done in Boston, but there is still much more work to be done to improve the health of all Americans. I am convinced that MGH and our other great institutions in Massachusetts will continue to meet the challenge by setting the standard for delivering the highest quality health care. I congratulate Dr. Peter Slavin, Dr. David Torchiana, and everyone who works at MGH for their efforts in making this hospital the best in the Nation and, I believe, the best in the world.●

REMEMBERING THE LIVES OF HAN BROTHER AND SISTER

• Ms. MURKOWSKI. Mr. President, it is with a heavy heart that I come before you today to share the news of a profound tragedy and loss of two Alaska Native siblings. Isaac Juneby, a military veteran and former Chief of Eagle, a Han Gwich'in Village in Alaska close to the Canadian border, and his sister Ellen Juneby Rada, who died as a result of domestic violence, were both laid to rest and their lives honored and celebrated with a potlatch in Eagle Village, July 11, 2012.

Ellen Florence Juneby Rada, 58 years old, was the mother of two grown sons. She was found beaten, seriously injured and unconscious in a homeless camp in Fairbanks and was transported to the Alaska Native Medical Center for treatment. Ellen was taken off life support on July 2 and passed away on Sunday, July 8.

Isaac Juneby was born on July 9, 1941, in Eagle Village. He had traveled to Anchorage from Eagle to hold vigil at the bedside of his comatose sister and died in an automobile accident on July 1, 2012. Following Isaac's sudden accidental death another Juneby sibling, Adeline Juneby Potts, flew to Anchorage from Minnesota to join her family and due to emotional stress suffered a heart attack and was hospital-

ized. Fortunately, Adeline is recovering rapidly.

There are no words to describe the grief this family has suffered due to the heartbreaking events that unfolded over such a short period of time. The loss is felt not just by the Juneby family, but by the entire Alaska Native community. Our State may be small in population, but it is large in community spirit. I think I can safely say the entire State of Alaska is touched by this tragedy.

I would like to say a few words about Isaac Juneby, whose loss will have a lasting impact not only to the village of Eagle, but across the entire Native community. Isaac was one of the few remaining speakers of Han, an endangered northern Athabaskan language with only about a handful of remaining speakers left in Alaska and the Yukon, a territory of Canada. He was a man that everyone seemed to know and love. Isaac had an almost tangible joy about him that drew people in and endeared him to many. His nickname "the Senator" was well earned. Isaac was always quick with a joke and had an infectious smile that made everyone around him happy. But most of all he loved life and his people.

Isaac was incredibly proud of his family and his heritage. He exemplified a man who could easily navigate both worlds: the traditional and the modern. He had an easygoing and friendly manner that won him many lifelong friends, but he also had a disciplined and serious side. Isaac was an accomplished man who earned a bachelor's degree in rural development from the University of Alaska in 1987. He wrote poetry, published books and recorded language lessons in Han Gwich'in Athabaskan to preserve the dialect for future generations. Isaac and Sandi, his best friend and wife of 35 years, were planning to move to Fairbanks so Isaac could complete a master's degree in ethnology. He wanted to learn more about the Han.

Over the years Isaac held a number of important positions for Native organizations, the State, and the Federal Government and remained a resident of Eagle Village even through the very challenging times, like during the disaster of 2008, when a major flood devastated the community. Isaac was also instrumental in completing the essential paperwork that helped Eagle Village become the first IRA village in Alaska, one with a federally recognized tribal government.

People will remember Isaac not only for his good humor but for his great strength and determination. Isaac was proud to celebrate over 25 years of sobriety and was known to say that it was God who freed him from alcohol. The Rev. Scott Fisher, pastor at St. Matthew's Episcopal Church got it right when he said "Isaac was the last of the good guys. There was a strength and a gentleness running through him. He knew what was right and what was wrong. He was not a cardboard saint.